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Who am I?

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Reflections on the Meaning
Of Parks on the Occasion of
The Nation's Bicentennial
By Freeman Tilden

Who am I?

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"Within national parks is room—room in which to find ourselves, in which to think and hope, to dream and plan, to rest and resolve."

Enos Mills in
John Muir of the Rockies

Foreword

As the United States celebrates its 200th birthday, millions of Americans and people from other lands will be visiting National Park System sites to see where the Revolutionary War battles were fought, where the major philosophical ideas were debated, and how people lived their daily lives in colonial America.

Though our attention may be drawn to these places directly related to the War of Independence, we must keep in mind that we have ties to all of America, that our heritage goes back to prehistoric Indians, to European explorers of the New World, to the frontiersmen, and to the land and the sea.

Who we are as a people and who we are as individuals are questions important to all of us.

Freeman Tilden, an author who has distinguished himself as an interpreter of the nation's parklands, has pondered these questions a long time. After an extended tour of the parks a few years ago, he recorded his views on our national and individual identity—reflections that seem particularly appropriate on the 200th anniversary of those events which did so much to mold our government and our character.

Today, as we observe the nation's Bicentennial in parks directly or indirectly associated with the American Revolution, I invite you to look behind the pageants and reflect with Freeman Tilden on the eternal human question, "Who Am I?"

Gary E. Everhardt
Director, National Park Service

For many years our country, and to some degree the entire world, has been buying physical comforts on a credit card, with the fond hope that the creditor might forget to render the bill. Not so. Nature is a lenient creditor of man, infinitely patient with his impertinent behavior, but insistent upon the ultimate payment. The bill has now come in.

People throughout the land are calling for an end to our pollution of the air and the waters of rivers and lakes —and thus even of the oceans—all brought about by an ever-increasing technological proliferation based upon the illusion that growth is good simply because it is growth. Even economists are beginning to doubt that old fable.

But aside from the conquest of water and air pollutions, and we surely have the technological skills for that, the moment of truth has arrived about many other things menacing to human life upon our planet, which we have been viewing through roseate spectacles. There is the pressing problem of our cities, with their slums and the neuroses brought on by noise, foul air, great stretches of ugliness almost beyond belief, and the tendency toward violence and abnormality caused by mere crowding. Already more than 70 percent of our population is urban or suburban, and the people who study such things expect this trend to continue rather than diminish.

Admiral Rickover has said that "there is a tendency in modern thinking to ascribe to technology a momentum of its own—beyond human direction or restraint." Do we confess that the machine, which has been the source of so many benefits to us, has become our master, taking away from us the choices and diversities that make human life a joy instead of a dull and meaningless chore?

Since the roof suddenly seems to be falling in upon us, it is natural to look for the villain in the drama. Who did this to us? Was it science? Was it the applied scientist or engineer who took the discovery of natural truths and utilized them for devices of comfort and luxury? Or are all our machines innocent in themselves and a menace only when they reach a certain magnitude?

One of the ancient Greek philosophers may have given us the answer when he announced his maxim "Nothing in Excess." There may, indeed, be a "golden mean," beyond which man finds he has trapped himself by his own genius.

In searching for the answers—and they must be found—there are two aspects of the situation that give us grounds for optimism. One is that we are now keenly alerted to the dangers. For years men and women of foresight have issued warnings about the perils which lie down the road we are travel-

ing. They were regarded as dreamers of nightmares. Now, in newspapers and magazines, in books and on television, the alerts are sounding. The crisis has become a matter of common concern.

The other aspect is the support of the people. Without their help we can do nothing. With it, we can do anything. In a government of the people, this is an eternal truth and perhaps the only way out of our predicament. The majority of the citizens must apprehend, sympathize, and commit themselves to action.

Here, then, is the reason for this present brief message. It is undeniable that, as a people, we have drifted away from the feeling of our unity with nature—and with each other. We have ceased to wonder. We have forgotten, in the enjoyment of an apparent affluence, to ask ourselves the question, in meditative moments, Who am I? Where did I come from? What is my relationship to the natural environment and to the social scheme? Physically, and as a strange and wonderful product of the evolution of mind, what are my limitations? If we do not know our limitations, our aspirations will sour.

In the National Park System, the nearly 300 sites—areas preserved for beauty, for superlative exhibitions of natural phenomena, for our own history and the history of the pre-Columbian inhabitants of the continent, for me-

morials of our national progress—offer the ideal places where, as part of the relaxation from the daily grind, millions of our people can find themselves.

The illustrations on the following pages show the way millions of Americans—men, women, children, and, above all, family groups—use these priceless areas, not merely for the re-creation of their physical well-being but for the discovery of the delicate entity that make You *You* and Me *Me*.

—Freeman Tilden

Natural Areas

The national parks, and the scenic and scientific monuments, preserve for future generations of Americans, and for the world, those areas of transcendent beauty and wonder which we inherited. These are cultural treasures, as well as places for the refreshment of mind and spirit. They are the remaining "islands" in which life processes go on undisturbed, offering us the opportunity to understand a wilderness environment. In them one can observe the slow processes that have carved and shaped our earth and clothed it with plant and animal life. Without that comprehension, man cannot realize his own social life—so different, and yet with such vital correspondences!

Search for Continuity

Dr. John C. Merriam, the famous paleontologist, was one of the fathers of interpretation in the National Park Service. With a group of other men of science, he laid the foundation in the '20s for the creation, in the national parks, of a communication network that has brought to visitors the truths that lie behind what the eye sees. No man was more effective, in his writings and lectures, in demonstrating the continuity—nature's flow from beginnings to present—in the billions of years since our planet came into being.

Merriam, sampling nature in Grand Canyon, at Yosemite, in the Redwoods, sought a continuity in human life that could be regarded as similar to that which he discovered in the organic and inorganic world. His last volume, printed before he died, was considered a bit on the emotional side by his tougher-minded scientific associates.

But it was a noble effort, and it demonstrated that Merriam himself had never failed to inquire, of himself, as he worked among fossil and living creatures, Who and what am I? Whence?

How? By what causes am I the I that I am? A meaningful search, and it can be a consoling one.

With the Eye of the Mind

The child in the picture is looking at a wildflower in the Potomac River Valley. The child looks, examines, and enjoys the experience, but does not *see*. That seeing, we hope, will come later, as an adult. To quote Charles Darwin, the sight will then be with the "eye of the mind." Because, really to see, one must know how the flowering plant happens to be where it is; how it has adapted itself to the conditions where it grows; what is its relation to sun and shade; what life partners it has. There is a tiny flower in the great Redwood groves of California which over eons has been the companion of these forest giants. And in the subarctic conditions that prevail on the top of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, there is a flower that has its own particular butterfly, as consort. Whether you call it the study of ecology or the "awareness of environment," the National Park Service believes that part of its mission is to do all within its power to take the parks to the children, and the

children to the parks, to begin the adventure of seeing with "the eye of the mind."

Stardust

Noting that all the elements found in the universe, even the noble gases, are to be found here with and *in* us humans, a poetically minded scientist remarked that "we are stardust." It is a thrilling fact that thousands of years ago a Vedic eastern philosopher came to somewhat the same conclusion. "Tat Tvam asi," said the Sanskrit scroll: meaning "*That* are thou." Look around you: whatever your eyes meet, that is something of yourself. Inorganic and organic kinships alike. Transcendent as man is over other creatures, which have evolved from the first tiny forms that found how to flourish from the 20 percent of oxygen breathed into the atmosphere by plant-life, it is worth remembering that in dependence on this miracle of photosynthesis, we are one with the worm, the butterfly, the whale. As the key producers in the chain of life, plants alone have the power to take the sun's energy, and by combining it with air, water, and broken-down rock, produce a living

tissue. We should bow to the trees and the grass when we come from the house in the morning. They are more important to us than a paved highway.

A Matter of Words

Environment. Ecology. These two words have abruptly come into the language of the dinner table and the commuter train. They are no longer the exclusive property of the natural scientist. Ecology. It is a coined word that was not in the Greek mind, though it is based, in part, on the Greek word "oikos," which meant "house." It signifies, now, the interrelationships and interdependence of the organic life within any habitat. Community, rather than individual, life. Life's chain, or web. But look at it another valid way. The good old English word "husbandry" meant the practice of ecological discernment and prudence by "the man of the house." As nature seeks equilibrium, though there is never perfect balance, so the husbandman seeks the wise balance in his "housekeeping." He puts back, instead of always taking out. For every debit, a credit. He does not regard nature as a slave, but as a generous silent partner.

We can profitably consider *that* definition of ecology when we inquire as to who and what we are.

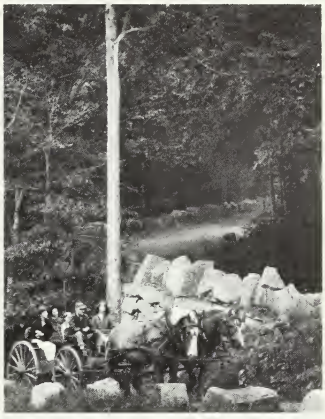
So He Sits
at the Easel

He sets up his easel on an outwash of the Chisos Mountains in Big Bend National Park, and paints what he feels. Maybe, when the picture is done, the art critic might say it wasn't very good. Well, what of it? He is not painting his feelings about nature to please the critic. Something of his very self is in the pigments that cover the canvas.

To some degree our artist in Texas has answered the question "Who am I." He finds that he cannot live by bread alone. Certainly he must have bread, or its equivalent. But there is beauty, too; and not just the beauty of scenery, or the beauty of the slanting sun that lights the walls of the Carmen Range. There is the beauty in the order of nature; of a certain *justice* in the natural world that forbids excess and encourages temperance. We like to think, too, that there is an essential *good* toward which we, among the myriad other forms of life, are moving. Not to be proved by calculus and microscope. But this painter

of beauty in the desert responds to his belief. And, said Emerson, no matter what the exact testimony of belief may be, it is not as wonderful as the fact that man has the will to believe.

As It Once Was



John D. Rockefeller, Jr., inherited from his father a love of the serene out-of-doors. That he might view the noble scenery of forest and shore on Mount Desert Island in Maine in a leisurely way, he began to construct carriage roads. First these were for his personal use; but building them gave him a new and philanthropic idea. Why not give the roads to the Government, to become part of Acadia National Park? This he did, laying the foundation for yet another creative, cooperative partnership between private citizens and their Government so that future generations might know the quiet pleasures of a quality environment.

Thus, in Acadia, there are more than 50 miles of beautifully conceived roads on which mechanized vehicles cannot go, but which the hiker, the horseback rider, the buggy-driver, and the bicyclists can follow through some of the sweetest

and most consoling landscape the eye of man has seen.

Who Will Give Up What?

Here they are, husband and wife, far from suburbia and smog, backpacking in Rocky Mountain National Park. The air is crystalline. No trucks, no imitation of the Joneses. No slums, no violence, no furious pace of getting from nowhere in particular to the same place. A couple finding themselves. And, while they are hiking, though mostly they are silent, they do occasionally talk of home, where they have a nice house in the suburbs, with a plot of grass and, of course, a washer and a dryer in the basement.

"After all," he says to her, "this is fine—for a rejuvenating holiday. But if we are all Thoreaus, we'd have few comforts. Technology may have us down, but if we are on a retreat from the machine, somebody has to give up something that comes from the machine. What'll *you* give up, Kathryn?"

"Joe, I've been thinking about it. I don't really want to give up any of my gadgets. I'm used to the gadgets, and they're used to me. But it's obvious that we've strayed too far from an honest

partnership with nature, and I'll pay my share of the price of getting clean."

Joe said nothing in reply. But he was thinking. And the back country of the Rockies is a place where you can really think.

To Know

To know, by seeing, the deciduous trees and the evergreens; to note the differences in leaf and form of the chestnut oaks from the red and white and pin and willow oaks, and of the hemlock and pine and spruce and fir; land-building and erosion; dunes, and rocks that were once wind-blown sands; and above all, the beauty of the landscape.

To know, by feeling, the barks of young and old birches and beeches and locusts and palms and madrones; and ferns and mosses and the thorned things of the desert.

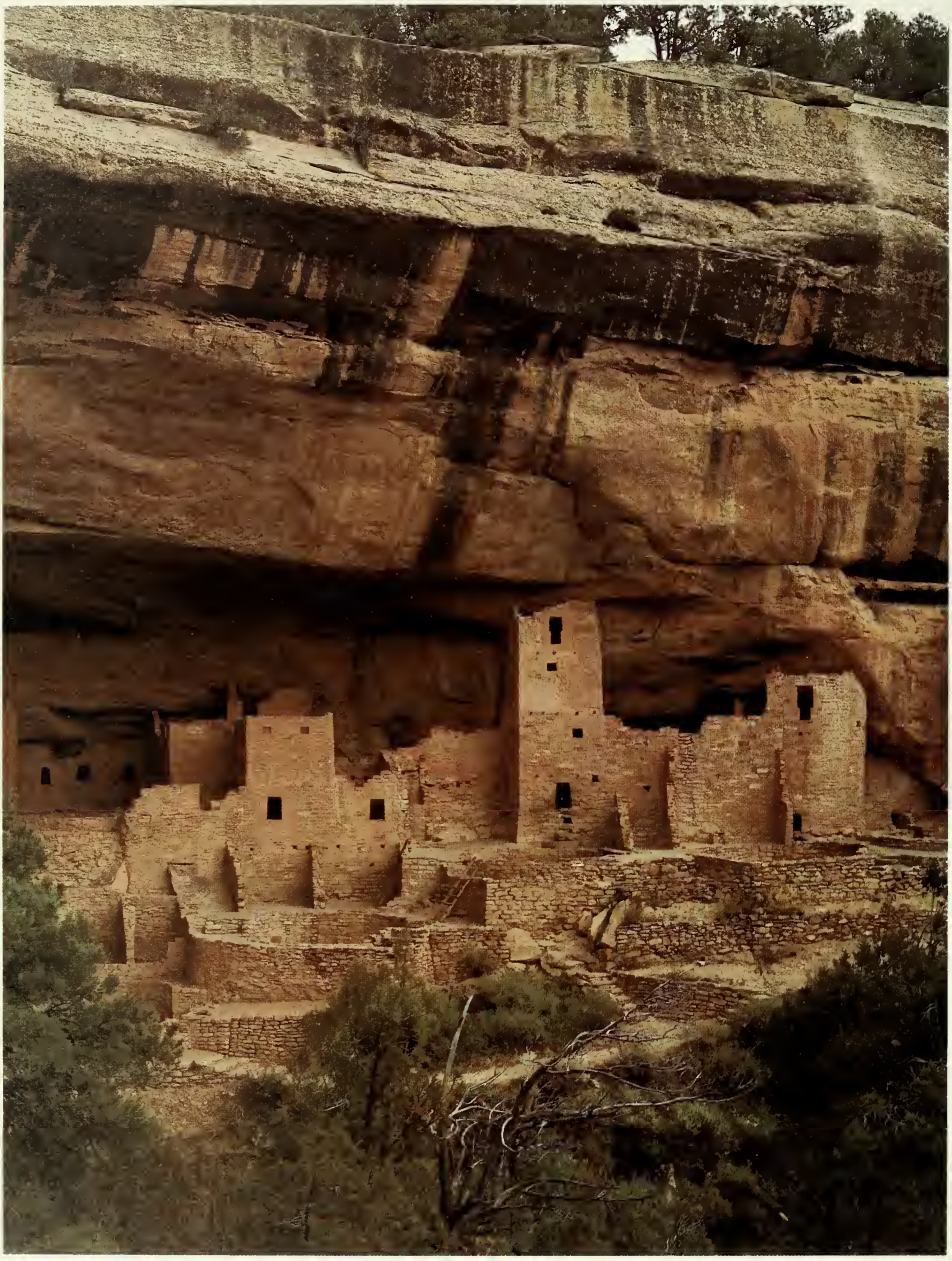
To know, by odor, the clovers and the honeysuckles; and the pungency of the salt marsh, new cut grass and hay; the sulphur spring and the delicate scent of the wild strawberry.

To know, by taste, the resinous tang of the fir-balsam, the wintergreen flavor of the blackbirch twig; sassafras and

sarsaparilla and many a root and herb.

To know, by hearing, the note or song of the warbler and the robin; the hoarse challenges of jay and raven; the cries of the sea birds and the laughter of the loon.

These, among a myriad of other experiences, should be the inheritance of children; and in the National Park System they can satisfy that precious need.



Historical Areas

In the historical areas of the National Park System are preserved the epic pages of the national march. The prehistoric dwellings of a people who were on the continent long before Columbus came form a kind of preface to this volume. We tread the trails of the Spanish conquerors, the French fur trappers, the Oregon migrants. We come in actual touch with the sources of our greatness and prosperity. Here great deeds were done; heroic thoughts were transmitted; here great problems were grappled with and decisions made. Sometimes these areas are places of, or are surrounded by, great beauty; but the basic theme of these places is the will of man to throw off mental and physical shackles and to achieve.

Bread of the Ancients

In the red-rock country of our Southwest there can be found a profusion of mortars and pestles with which the pre-Columbian Indians ground their seeds and maize. The mortar was a fragment of rock in which a basin had been found, or made. A pothole in the riverbed would do. The pestle, or mano, was a stone fashioned to fit the hand. This was infant technology, from which we have come a long way. We now remove the vitamins from cereals and then put them back.

There was one drawback to the Indian milling, the product was tough on the teeth. In the process of grinding, some of the particles of silica were bound to enter the meal, so there was a wearing-down similar to that which happens to aged ungulates. And no dentures.

The North American toolmaking man had rude implements: but he also had a feeling for beauty. There are stone axheads, for example, where the material was obviously chosen for its natural attractiveness, and then beautifully polished. How could polish make it more efficient: An ax is an ax, is it not? No;

it can also be the personal expression of the budding aboriginal artist, who drew the sense of beauty from his environment and was accustomed to look for long hours at the moon and stars.

The Tone of the Bell

There are many bells, but for Americans there is only one Bell.

The colonial delegates who met in Carpenters' Hall in 1774, in the "City of Brotherly Love," were skilled in the study of political science. They had learned well the lesson from Montesquieu that "in constitutional states liberty is but a compensation for the heaviness of taxation; in despotic states the equivalent liberty is the lightness of taxation." The taxes levied upon the colonials by the British Crown were not really burdensome. But where a political voice in their own destiny was denied, even light taxes were unbearable. So the colonies, voting heavier taxes upon themselves, declared themselves free and independent.

The study of history is not a deterrent of mass error; that is plain. But from history we learn who and what we are, as individuals and as a nation. Not only

at Independence Hall, but in all the National Park System's historical preserves, the thinking visitor is revealed to himself. He asks himself the questions: "What would *I* have done, under these circumstances? How would *I* have measured up to need and opportunity?"

The generations of school children who come to see and reverently to touch The Bell go home with *that something* which the schoolroom and the book cannot impart.

Julia Finds Her Niche

Meet Julia Parker. Julia, an Indian girl who lives in Yosemite, was unhappy. One day, when talking with a friend, she mentioned her troubles. The Indian, she said, is losing what could be called his Indian-hood. The television and other "devices of the white man" were depicting Indians in a way that was demoralizing the younger folk. They were getting the wrong aspect on life. She felt at loose ends, herself. What could she do?

Could she weave baskets, her friend asked? No. She had never learned. "Isn't there one of the older women who could teach you?" Yes, she thought of one who could.

So Julia, gathering her fernroots and willow stems and redbud bark, weaves baskets. So far as she is concerned, she has a communication with nature. The Indian in North America exploited nature for his existence, but always with *reverence*. He knew who he was.

Sir Julian Huxley said that "Man must resume his unity with nature, while keeping his transcendency over nature." Yes; we do not want to revert to the cave, or even to the wax candle for reading. But as Julia knows, it must be a transcendency with reverence. Or it will be transcendency with disaster.

What Does It Tell Me?

Emerson said: "The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age, or state of society, or mode of action in history, to which there is not something corresponding in *his* life." Thus, the visitor stands in the blacksmith shop at Hopewell Village, a national historic site, and sees himself as a part of that busy community life that went on in the latter part of the 18th century when the charcoal furnace of Mark Bird was smelting the nearby iron ores of southeastern Pennsylvania and casting the

pigs into stoves and pots, kettles, and hammers, to supply a young but vigorously growing country. It was technology of a rude kind, compared with the prodigious machines of today, but it was nevertheless technology. Hopewell was a community that was almost wholly self-sustaining. The thoughtful visitor, seeing these simple tools and devices, places himself back in those days. In his mind's eye he places himself as blacksmith, as miner, as woodcutter or teamster. There am *I*. Would I have been happy in that simple life? And what constitutes happiness? Is it the possession of *much,* or of the *quality* of existence. Questions like that. Finding one's self. Answering the question: "Who am I?"

Mule Power and Tranquility

One of the delightful experiences for the visitor in the National Capital Parks is that journey on the barge that goes up the C&O Canal a few miles from Georgetown. It is a flashback to the day of slow motion, when people had time. Many a Washington and Virginia resident took the barge to go up the Potomac Valley to visit the folks. Going through the locks built of cut granite,

you could reach out and pluck a spray of the mint that grew in the cracks of the walls. To make a julep, maybe. Technology! Fast moving mechanization! Hardly had the canal got on its financial feet—if it ever really did—when the steam locomotive made its appearance. The day that the first rail was laid, parallel to the canal, was the doom of this leisurely transportation, though the enterprise lingered for many years as a cheap way of moving certain kinds of freight. All the way to Cumberland the canal was dug. At Paw Paw the builders wondered whether to follow a big bend of the river, or tunnel under a mountain. They decided on a tunnel, and when you walk through the tunnel today you note that the wooden rail of the towpath is still slick to the hand where the boat-rope dragged along it. To visit the canal is to feel day before yesterday and to realize how far and fast you and the machine have come.

The Drums of Conflict

It was "our war"—that civil strife from '61 to '65; and the battlefields continue to draw a stream of visitors year after year: Gettysburg and Vicksburg, Antie-

tam and Chancellorsville, and even those scenes that are seemingly less significant. Truly, there was no skirmish that did not play its role in the total drama. Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, for example. It was not a major battle, but it decided a major consideration: which way, Union or Confederate, Missouri would lean. The thoughtful visitor to the battlefield areas will have, besides his curiosity about weapons and strategy and tactics, sober reflections about the Civil War itself, and about the age-old moral problem of war. Many years ago Prof. William James, the great psychologist of Harvard, wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Moral Equivalent of War." James perceived that war brought out of combatants the best as well as the worst of human qualities: valor, self-sacrifice, compassion, magnanimity. He wondered whether there might not be, in peaceful social human relations, something that would equally summon up those noble attributes. Still, the search goes on . . .

Where Is the Villain?

According to alarms being sounded, Man finds himself boxed in by his own fertility—both physical and intellectual.

There seems to be too much of everything for our own survival. And it is natural, since we are not going to emerge from this crisis without penalties and discomfort, to seek the villain in the piece.

Technology—the civilizing instrument of toolmaking Man—has proceeded in a straight line from the exact scientist to the "ultimate consumer." All so perfectly natural, and to a certain point so laudable.

We don't want to reverse the trend of technology, go back to kerosene lamps and the slow, though excellent, grinding of the corn by the stones of Peirce Mill in Washington, D.C.'s Rock Creek Park. Where is the point of attack? Perhaps the comic-strip artist found the villain when he paraphrased the naval hero's words: "We have met the enemy and they are *us*."

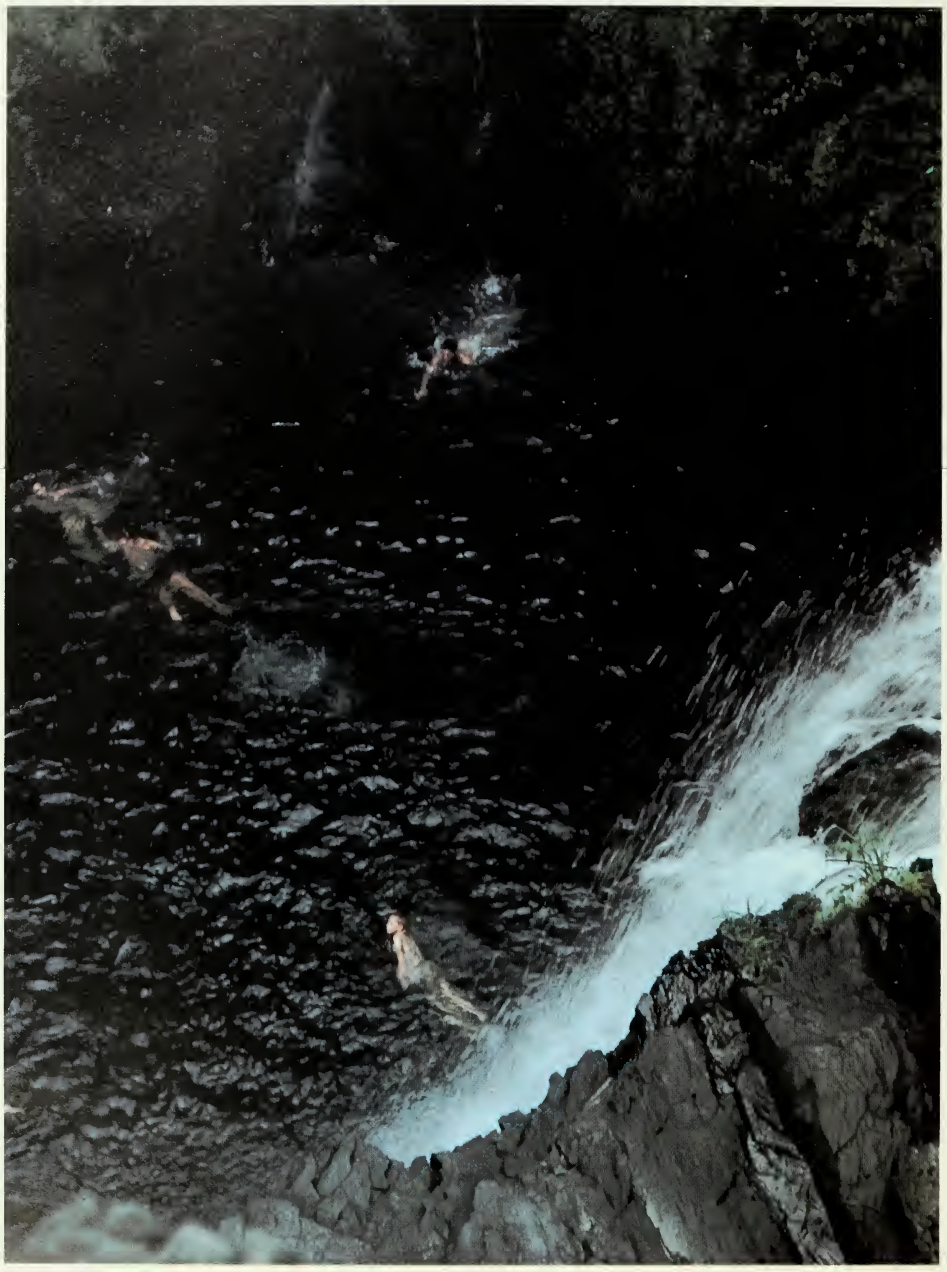
But it Flew!
and Now . . .

Whether it was an accident that the boy happened to be flying his kite on the massive sand dune near Cape Hatteras, or whether the photographer contrived the scene—what difference? It was felicitous.

The Wright Brothers Memorial marks the spot where human aviation, as now known, began. Their plane flew only a short distance; but it flew. And now you can be in Tokyo from Washington and in San Francisco from London in the time it took George Washington to get home to Mount Vernon when the roads were bad.

First, small airplanes. Then larger airplanes. Then giants of the sky that can carry hundreds of passengers and attain in the upper air a speed much above that of sound. It is an astounding example of the proficiency of scientific and technical Man.

It has drawbacks. The law of compensation seems naturally immutable. There is pollution, and there is a sonic boom to consider. Above populated areas, groundlings may not relish the shocks—nor will delicate instruments. Over the wilderness areas the wild creatures may enjoy it even less.



Recreational Areas

Wholesome, restorative, and happy physical recreation is the primary purpose of the national seashores, the parkways, and the national recreation areas. Here one escapes from the drag of humdrum dailiness and indulges in the play-spirit, using the ocean beach, the impounded lake, the easy progress through ribbons of roadside natural beauty—all to gain mental and spiritual renewal. But of course all such areas have other values beyond those of simple recreation. There may be steep-walled canyons to explore by boat; there is always the strange life community that inhabits the seashore duneland, and if you wish to mingle a little adventure into the natural environment along with your holiday romping, the option is yours.

The Thing Itself

It is much more than a century ago that Edward Hitchcock was President of Amherst College, in Massachusetts. It was a small college by today's standards, and the doctor was not merely the head, but also taught a class in geology. And, for the period, he was an outstanding geologist. It was he who studied the dinosaur tracks in the Connecticut Valley and started the scientific specialty of ichnology. But to his faculty, Hitchcock was eccentric and annoying. He made it a practice to take his students out into the field; to study the rocks and freshen their surfaces with a hammer; to collect specimens. Worse than that, he actually invited youths and maidens of the village to go a-trailing with his class. The faculty was appalled at this undignified, unprofessional conduct. It reflected on the college; it paled the luster of the teaching art. The students should be in the classroom, and learn from textbooks. Fortunately we have passed, long since, that kind of pedagogical nonsense. To know the natural world, to know one's self, is to *go where things are:* To begin in the primary grades of school to look,

to listen, to touch, to taste, to smell. And, as adults, never to cease knowing nature by meeting her in person. That is the ideal of "interpretation" in the National Park Service.

Be a Happy Amateur

The lovely old word "amateur" has been sadly mishandled. To most persons the word now means bungler, a botcher, a producer of poor results. But the old meaning of the word was based upon the Latin word "to love," and it described a person who did things, or made things, not for the material gain involved, but for sheer love of it. Many of the great scientists of the Latin Renaissance in Europe were *amateurs*. They did not professionalize.

Fortunate are the men and women who, while they are earning their daily bread, commuting to the office or factory, and tied to the desk or machine, yet find time to go into the fields and woods and find their place in nature.

How could that lawyer in Denver, who knows more about the hummingbird than anyone else—how could he ever be bored? Or that Ohio woman—not a paid specialist—to whom you

would go if you wished to know all about sparrows? Or a man in Arizona who can speedily flake an arrowpoint or a spearpoint as good as any aboriginal product? Such happy amateurs bored? Nonsense.

On a Glacial Boulder

At the entrance gate of Indiana Dunes State Park there is a glacial boulder left by the continental ice sheet that departed from the northeastern part of our country not more, perhaps, than 12,000 years ago. Affixed to the rock is a plaque, with this verse:

All things by immortal power, near or far,
Hiddenly to each other linked are:
Thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.

This quaint way of expression is by the poet Francis Thompson, who probably never in his life used the word "ecology." But this is the concept that the interpreters of the National Park Service try to enunciate to their visitors at Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore and at other parks: the binding relationship of each fact of the cosmos to each other fact. Emerson's beautiful poem called "Each and All" is based

upon the same idea of relationships.

Incidentally, this plaque, with its verse, was probably chosen for the entrance gate by Col. Richard Lieber, a philosopher in the world of parks whose humane impulses and generous imagination were so important in the early days of the State parks movement.

The Way of Nature

The couple is walking a restful lane that leads from the Blue Ridge Parkway in the southern Appalachians. There is time to stroll and time to make meaningful talk in this quiet haven. As interesting as the human adventure is the split-rail fence that borders the trail. Rived out of chestnut, without a doubt.

There was a day in spring when this Appalachian forest was poseyed with the creamy white blossoms of the American chestnut as far as the eye could see. Then came a blight from abroad; and now this noble tree which provided the hill folks with rafters and shakes for their cottages, and food that was shared with the squirrels, is no more. Saplings still spring from some of the old roots, but the new trees succumb as juveniles.

It's all part of nature's incessant

change. The niche that was occupied by the chestnut will be taken over. There seems to be a lesson here, for Man is becoming painfully aware that *his* niche is not invulnerable.

On the Strand

There is something about man's delight in the seashore and the sandy beach that makes us think that primitive man came into his existence at the edge of the sea. Indeed, we get a curious and possibly significant suggestion about this from the most ancient Chinese language. The ideograph which means "mother" appears within the symbol which stands for "the sea." It cannot be accidental. What does it mean? Did those first Oriental writers share a quite modern biological theory that all life originated on the littoral? Or did they merely mean that Man got his food from the sea and used it for transportation—all that sort of practical mothering? The National Park Service now has some choice preserves on the seashore. Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras and Point Reyes and Padre Island offer experiences for the millions who flee from the smog and the daily humdrum to breathe salt air and

bare the body to Father Sun. Little wonder that Rachel Carson and Ann Lindbergh have written of the soul-restoring qualities of the strand. These park areas, avowedly, are places where the primary use is physical recreation and relaxation. But there is much more in them for those who wish it. Back of the dunes or the cliffs, as the case may be, there is much to seek and find of the other forms of life with which our own is meshed.

And . . .
In Winter, Too

There is a delightful use of some of our national parks that too few visitors know. Where climatic conditions make it possible, we can have an invigorating outing under the steely blue winter sky on a terrain that cannot be injured or "used up" by this kind of use. The cross-country skier, the snowshoer, the skater, and even the horse-drawn sleigher (jingle bells!) have no greater impress on this landscape than the sand castles and forts so joyously erected on the beach by children. Sun and ocean wield mighty erasers.

Go into the northern woods, or the highland forest anywhere, and have a notable experience in winter. The quiet

is unbroken except for the notes of a few birds. The jay will challenge you—even gladly insult you. If you are near a pond, listen. Thoreau used to hear the voice of Walden Pond when it was frozen deep.

You will find that, though you see no animal, you are really not alone. The rabbit has crossed here, and perhaps just ahead of a fox. But much of life that was so active last July is asleep under the virginal white blanket.

Leaven of Beauty

They say, those who ought to know, that the world of Man has reached the moment of truth, as a result of our prodigious knowledge and our lack of wisdom. Is it not, at least in America, that we have made it so easy to *exist* that we have made it difficult to *live?*

This may be especially true in regard to our cities. The urban population is now far greater than the rural, and this ratio is likely to grow. And let nobody think that a city is merely an overgrown village, or that the difference is merely a matter of multiplication. The city has its own genius, and though it offers certain cultural advantages, it has a sharp

fang of competition that easily breeds fear and unrest. Fouled air, noise, a lack of the soothing darkness of night, restrictions upon diversity of activity, the neurosis of hurry, slums and squalor—and above all, mere crowding, which in excess is not good for animals.

Dispersal? Back to the land? It is already suggested. A long, difficult, and costly task is ahead to relieve this sullen danger. But one thing can be done, while we await the engineering and social solution. We can introduce a touch of natural beauty into the city—plots of green oxygenating grass, flowers to create spots of gentleness. For every hovel that is razed, a group of trees should arise.

For Those Who Come After

The idea is found in many fields of ancient philosophy, but nowhere is it more charmingly expressed than in that amazing repository of doctrine and folklore, dialogue and commentary known as the Talmud.

"Chonyi the Magid once saw in his travels an old man planting a carob tree, and he asked him when he thought the tree would bear fruit. 'After seventy years,' was the reply. 'What?' said

Chonyi. 'Dost thou expect to live seventy years and enjoy the fruit of thy labor?' Said the old man: 'I did not find the world desolate when I entered it, and as my fathers planted for me before I was born, so I plant for those that will come after me.' "

Have we forgotten? Not altogether. For we have preserved in our national parks, for our American posterity, vast areas of the natural beauty and wonders, the record of pre-Columbian peoples of the continent, and precious memorials of our own occupation and development of the land. But more is to be done. Let it not be said by those who come after us that in our march of material progress, we lost sight of the needs of the unborn, which may prove to be greater than our own.

More open spaces are needed. More serene havens of refuge for spiritual and moral re-creation. Not forgetting sun and forest and sand for the jaded body, either. We have done well; we can and must do better.

Freeman Tilden is best known for his several books on our state and national parks, and judging from his knowledge of these places, one might surmise that he has been writing about them all of his life. Not so. He began writing about the parks when he was 59.

He started his literary career as a newspaperman. At the age of 10 he prepared occasional book reviews for his father's paper in the town of Malden, Mass. Armed with an active curiosity and his high school diploma, he then served as a reporter on papers in Boston, Charleston, S.C., and New York City. Throughout the twenties and thirties, he wrote fiction for several national magazines, tried his hand at a few plays, and produced radio scripts. This work took him all over the United States and to various parts of the world.

Freeman Tilden began his career with the National Park Service in 1941 when he took on the responsibilities of a literary consultant for the agency. He soon became an expositor of interpretation in the parks and, with the support of some foundation grants, wrote his popular books about parklands and preservation.

He now lives down in Maine most of the year and heads south "with the rest of the birds" in the winter. In his early nineties, he still walks about two miles a day. "When there is too much snow outside, I can do a mile just in the canned peas section at the supermarket."

For your convenience, here is a handy list of the nearly 300 areas of the National Park System.

Natural Areas

NM — National Monument
NP — National Park
NPre — National Preserve

Acadia NP, Maine
Agate Fossil Beds NM, Nebr.
Arches NP, Utah
Badlands NM, S.Dak.
Big Bend NP, Tex.
Big Cypress NPre, Fla.
Big Thicket NPre, Tex.
Biscayne NM, Fla.
Black Canyon of the Gunnison NM, Colo.
Bryce Canyon NP, Utah
Buck Island Reef NM, V.I.
Canyonlands NP, Utah
Capitol Reef NP, Utah
Capulin Mountain NM, N.Mex.
Carlsbad Caverns NP, N.Mex.
Cedar Breaks NM, Utah
Channel Islands NM, Calif.
Chiricahua NM, Ariz.
Colorado NM, Colo.
Crater Lake NP, Oreg.
Craters of the Moon NM, Idaho
Death Valley NM, Calif.-Nev.
Devils Postpile NM, Calif.
Devils Tower NM, Wyo.
Dinosaur NM, Colo.-Utah
Everglades NP, Fla.
Florissant Fossil Beds NM, Colo.
Fossil Butte NM, Wyo.
Glacier Bay NM, Alaska
Glacier NP, Mont.
Grand Canyon NP, Ariz.
Grand Teton NP, Wyo.
Great Sand Dunes, NM, Colo.
Great Smoky Mountains NP, N.C.-Tenn.
Guadalupe Mountains NP, Tex.
Haleakala NP, Hawaii
Hawaii Volcanoes NP, Hawaii
Hot Springs NP, Ark.
Isle Royale NP, Mich.
Jewel Cave NM, S.Dak.
John Day Fossil Beds NM, Oreg.
Joshua Tree NM, Calif.
Katmai NM, Alaska
Kings Canyon NP, Calif.
Lassen Volcanic NP, Calif.
Lava Beds NM, Calif.
Lehman Caves NM, Nev.
Mammoth Cave NP, Ky.
Mount McKinley NP, Alaska
Mount Rainier NP, Wash.
Muir Woods NM, Calif.
National Capital Parks, D.C.-Md.-Va.
Natural Bridges NM, Utah
North Cascades NP, Wash.
Olympic NP, Wash.
Oregon Caves NM, Oreg.
Organ Pipe Cactus NM, Ariz.
Petrified Forest NP, Ariz.
Pinnacles NM, Calif.
Platt NP, Okla.
Rainbow Bridge NM, Utah
Redwood NP, Calif.
Rocky Mountain NP, Colo.
Saguaro NM, Ariz.
Sequoia NP, Calif.
Shenandoah NP, Va.
Sunset Crater NM, Ariz.
Timpanogos Cave NM, Utah
Virgin Islands NP, V.I.
Voyageurs NP, Minn.
White Sands NM, N.Mex.
Wind Cave NP, S.Dak.
Yellowstone NP, Wyo.-Mont.-Idaho
Yosemite NP, Calif.
Zion NP, Utah

Historical Areas

Abraham Lincoln Birthplace NHS, Ky.
Adams NHS, Mass.
Alibates Flint Quarries and Texas Panhandle Pueblo Culture NM, Tex.
Allegheny Portage Railroad NHS, Pa.
Andersonville NHS, Ga.
Andrew Johnson NHS, Tenn.
Antietam NBS, Md.
Appomattox Court House NHP, Va.
Arkansas Post NMem, Ark.
Arlington House, The Robert E. Lee Mem, Va.
Aztec Ruins NM, N.Mex.
Bandelier NM, N.Mex.
Bent's Old Fort NHS, Colo.
Big Hole NB, Mont.

Booker T. Washington NM, Va.
Boston NHP, Mass.
Brices Cross Roads NBS, Miss.
Cabrillo NM, Calif.
Canyon de Chelly NM, Ariz.
Carl Sandburg Home NHS, N.C.
Casa Grande NM, Ariz.
Castillo de San Marcos NM, Fla.
Castle Clinton NM, N.Y.
Chaco Canyon NM, N.Mex.
Chalmette NHP, La.
Chamizal NMem, Tex.
Chesapeake and Ohio Canal NHP, Md.-D.C.-W.Va.
Chickamauga and Chattanooga NMP, Ga.-Tenn.
Christiansted NHS, V.I.
City of Refuge NHP, Hawaii
Clara Barton NHS, Md.
Colonial NHP, Va.
Coronado NMem, Ariz.
Cowpens NBS, S.C.
Cumberland Gap NHP, Ky.-Va.-Tenn.
Custer Battlefield NM, Mont.
De Soto NMem, Fla.
Edison NHS, N.J.
Effigy Mounds NM, Iowa
Eisenhower NHS, Pa.
El Morro NM, N.Mex.
Federal Hall NMem, N.Y.
Ford's Theatre NHS, D.C.
Fort Bowie NHS, Ariz.
Fort Caroline NMem, Fla.
Fort Clatsop NMem, Oreg.
Fort Davis NHS, Tex.
Fort Donelson NMP, Tenn.
Fort Frederica NM, Ga.
Fort Jefferson NM, Fla.
Fort Laramie NHS, Wyo.
Fort Larned NHS, Kans.
Fort McHenry NM and Historic Shrine, Md.
Fort Matanzas NM, Fla.
Fort Necessity NB, Pa.
Fort Point NHS, Calif.
Fort Pulaski NM, Ga.
Fort Raleigh NHS, N.C.
Fort Smith NHS, Ark.
Fort Stanwix NM, N.Y.
Fort Sumter NM, S.C.
Fort Union NM, N.Mex.
Fort Union Trading Post NHS, N.Dak.-Mont.
Fort Vancouver NHS, Wash.
Fort Washington Park, Md.
Frederick Douglass Home, D.C.
Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania County Battlefields Mem NMP, Va.
General Grant NMem, N.Y.
George Rogers Clark NHP, Ind.
George Washington Birthplace NM, Va.
George Washington Carver NM, Mo.
Gettysburg NMP, Pa.
Gila Cliff Dwellings NM, N.Mex.
Golden Spike NHS, Utah
Gran Quivira NM, N.Mex.
Grand Portage NM, Minn.
Grant-Kohrs Ranch NHS, Mont.
Guilford Courthouse NMP, N.C.
Hamilton Grange NMem, N.Y.
Hampton NHS, Md.
Harpers Ferry NHP, Md.-W.Va.
Herbert Hoover NHS, Iowa
Hohokam Pima NM, Ariz.
Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt NHS, N.Y.
Homestead NM of America, Nebr.
Hopewell Village NHS, Pa.
Horseshoe Bend NMP, Ala.
Hovenweep NM, Colo.-Utah
Hubbell Trading Post NHS, Ariz.
Independence NHP, Pa.
Jefferson National Expansion Mem NHS, Mo.
John Fitzgerald Kennedy NHS, Mass.
John Muir NHS, Calif.
Johnstown Flood NMem, Pa.
Kennesaw Mountain NBP, Ga.
Kings Mountain NMP, S.C.
Knife River Indian Villages NHS, N.Dak.
Lincoln Boyhood NMem, Ind.
Lincoln Home NHS, Ill.
Lincoln Memorial, D.C.
Longfellow NHS, Mass.
Lyndon B. Johnson NHS, Tex.
Lyndon Baines Johnson Mem Grove on the Potomac, D.C.

Historical Areas continued

Mem — Memorial
NB — National Battlefield
NBP — National Battlefield Park
NBS — National Battlefield Site
NHP — National Historical Park
NHS — National Historic Site
NM — National Monument
NMem — National Memorial
NMP — National Military Park
NP — National Park

Historical Areas
continued

Manassas NBP, Va.
Mar-A-Lago NHS, Fla.
Martin Van Buren NHS, N.Y.
Mesa Verde NP, Colo.
Minute Man NHP, Mass.
Montezuma Castle NM, Ariz.
Moores Creek NMP, N.C.
Morristown NHP, N.J.
Mound City Group NM, Ohio
Mount Rushmore NMem, S.Dak.
National Capital Parks, D.C.-Md.-Va.
National Mall, D.C.
National Visitor Center, D.C.
Navajo NM, Ariz.
Nez Perce NHP, Idaho
Ocmulgee NM, Ga.
Pea Ridge NMP, Ark.
Pecos NM, N.Mex.
Perry's Victory and International Peace Mem, Ohio
Petersburg NB, Va.
Pipe Spring NM, Ariz.
Pipestone NM, Minn.
Piscataway Park, Md.
Puukohola Heiau NHS, Hawaii
Richmond NBP, Va.
Roger Williams NMem, R.I.
Russell Cave NM, Ala.
Sagamore Hill NHS, N.Y.
Saint Croix Island NM, Maine
Saint-Gaudens NHS, N.H.
Salem Maritime NHS, Mass.
San Juan Island NHP, Wash.
San Juan NHS, P.R.
Saratoga NHP, N.Y.
Saugus Iron Works NHS, Mass.
Scotts Bluff NM, Nebr.
Sewall-Belmont House NHS, D.C.
Shiloh NMP, Tenn.
Sitka NHP, Alaska
Springfield Armory NHS, Mass.
Statue of Liberty NM, N.Y.-N.J.
Stones River NB, Tenn.
Thaddeus Kosciuszko NMem, Pa.
Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace NHS, N.Y.
Theodore Roosevelt Inaugural NHS, N.Y.
Theodore Roosevelt Island, D.C.
Theodore Roosevelt NMem Park, N.Dak.
Thomas Jefferson Mem, D.C.
Tonto NM, Ariz.
Tumacacori NM, Ariz.
Tupelo NB, Miss.
Tuskegee Institute NHS, Ala.
Tuzigoot NM, Ariz.
Vanderbilt Mansion NHS, N.Y.
Vicksburg NMP, Miss.
Walnut Canyon NM, Ariz.
Washington Monument, D.C.
White House, D.C.
Whitman Mission NHS, Wash.
William Howard Taft NHS, Ohio
Wilson's Creek NB, Mo.
Wright Brothers NMem, N.C.
Wupatki NM, Ariz.
Yucca House NM, Colo.

Recreational Areas

Amistad NRA, Tex.
Apostle Islands NL, Wis:
Appalachian National Scenic Trail, Maine-N.H.-Vt.-Mass.-Conn.-N.Y.-N.J.-Pa.-Md.-W.Va.-Va.-Tenn.-N.C.-Ga.
Arbuckle NRA, Okla.
Assateague Island NS, Md.-Va.
Bighorn Canyon NRA, Mont.-Wyo.
Blue Ridge Parkway, N.C.-Va.-Ga.
Buffalo National River, Ark.
Canaveral NS, Fla.
Cape Cod NS, Mass.
Cape Hatteras NS, N.C.
Cape Lookout NS, N.C.
Catoctin Mountain Park, Md.
Coulee Dam NRA, Wash.
Cumberland Island NS, Ga.

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Fire Island NS, N.Y.
Gateway NRA, N.Y.-N.J.
George Washington Mem Parkway, Va.-Md.
Glen Canyon NRA, Utah-Ariz.
Golden Gate NRA, Calif.
Greenbelt Park, Md.
Gulf Islands NS, Fla.-Miss.
Indiana Dunes NL, Ind.
John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mem Parkway, Wyo.
John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, D.C.
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Lake Mead NRA, Ariz.-Nev.
Lake Mered[illegible] NRA

Lower St. Croix NSR, Minn.-Wis.
Natchez Trace Parkway, Miss.-Tenn.-Ala.
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Ozark NSR, Mo.
Padre Island NS, Tex.
Pictured Rocks NL, Mich.
Point Reyes NS, Calif.
Prince William Forest Park, Va.
Rock Creek Park, D.C.
Ross Lake NRA, Wash.
St. Croix NSR, Wis.-Minn.
Shadow Mountain NRA, Colo.
Sleeping Bear Dunes NL, Mich.
Whiskeytown-Shasta-Trinity NRA, Calif.
Wolf Trap Farm Park for

Recreational Areas continued

NL — National Lakeshore
NRA — National Recreation Area
NS — National Seashore
NSR — National Scenic Riverway or River, or Rivers

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National Park Service
U.S. Department of the Interior

As the Nation's principal conservation agency, the Department of the Interior has responsibility for most of our nationally owned public lands and natural resources. This includes fostering the wisest use of our land and water resources, protecting our fish and wildlife, preserving the environmental and cultural values of our national parks and historical places, and providing for the enjoyment of life through outdoor recreation. The Department assesses our energy and mineral resources and works to assure that their development is in the best interests of all our people. The Department also has a major responsibility for American Indian reservation communities and for people who live in Island Territories under U.S. administration.